

bow the children of thy father. 3. The sceptre of Rura (a god) shall not depart, nor the lawgiver from his feet, till Tawhiao comes, and to you will all people assemble. 4. Rura will sit at the mouth of the ocean to push away all the ships, and his borders will extend to Canaan. 5. My salvation has now come, O Jehovah. 6. Arise, O God of thy father Potatau, and he will succour thee: He, the greatness, he will bestow on thee the goodness of heaven above, and the praise of the tribes not bowing to thee."

A Curious Anecdote.—Although it has nothing to do with the present meeting, I must record an anecdote of a Maori lest a beautiful story, curiously illustrative of human nature, should be lost to the world from my forgetting it. Some years ago Rewi te Ahu, a Maori minister of this district, died of decline. On the day he died he several times sank so low that it was thought he was gone, then he would revive, and converse with his friends who were around him. During one of these times he smiled and said, "I cannot help thinking of the days of my youth. When I was a boy I used to go down to the river to bathe, and when I sat on the bank and put my feet in the water it felt so cold that, although I wanted to plunge in, I could not help drawing back and sitting hesitating on the brink. I wish to die, but when I feel my feet cold as they are now, and find myself going, I cannot help shrinking back, just as I used to do from the cold river when I was a boy."

[From the *New Zealand Herald*, 20th June, 1878.]

THE WAITARA NATIVE MEETING.

(By Electric Telegraph. From our Special Correspondent.)

New Plymouth, Wednesday.

As I am not obliged, immediately on arrival here, to plunge *in medias res*, the Premier and Native Minister not having come, I will occupy this letter with such narrative as may be necessary to enable your readers to understand the position.

FROM MANUKAU TO NEW PLYMOUTH.

In these days when so many travel over the colony it is useless attempting to give any description of the journey from Manukau to New Plymouth. Indeed, vessels stand out so far from the coast that there is nothing to describe except life on shipboard, and that for me was dreary and monotonous enough.

There are two grand sights, however. I think that the spectacle to be seen on crossing the bar of the Manukau on a lowering evening, after the wind has been blowing from the west for a few days, is something to be remembered. One cannot forget how the huge waves come rolling in from the sea, at first like green hills, and then, breaking on the banks, throwing up into the air tons of foam. One cannot help looking with especial dread at the place where the "Orpheus" was lost, with so many gallant men. The spectacle when crossing the bar yesterday was very fine, for a good stiff breeze blew in from the sea; but I must confess that I was not in a frame of mind or body to enjoy it, and took refuge in a recumbent position in my berth. All night there was a nasty beam sea, which made the "Taranaki" pitch and roll; but Captain Malcolm said it would be fine at Taranaki, and so it proved. I had begun to fear that I might be carried on, as several steamers have been unable to land their passengers lately owing to the heavy surf on the beach at New Plymouth, so the captain's judgment was cheering. We were off New Plymouth before daylight, and had to steam about till it was light enough to go into the anchorage.

Then I saw the next grand view of the trip—Mount Egmont, without a cloud, and with its beautiful mantle of snow. Mount Egmont is about 9,000 feet high, and as like as possible Fusi Yama, in Japan. It rises from the plain in the shape of a perfect cone. It is one of the most beautiful mountains in the world. When I looked at it before dawn this morning the snow near the top was clear and glistening, while far below the thick snow wreaths seemed to run down to the dark forests at the base. Then the peak caught the golden rays of the sun, while the plain below had only the white light of the morning. Slowly the sunlight spread down the mountain, reflecting many colours from the snow till the forests were lighted, and then the calm face of the sea. Getting on shore was quite a pleasant occupation to what I have experienced. A wicker chair is now provided, in which the passengers are hoisted from the steamer into the surf boats. It was intended for the use only of ladies and children, and, as it gives the boatmen more trouble than the old fashion of making everybody jump at considerable risk, the boatmen growled when all the gentlemen passengers insisted upon being accommodated with the chair.

TARANAKI.

Taranaki is the smallest province in New Zealand, but its history before and after the foundation of the European settlement has been remarkable. The Ngatiawa tribe—the first occupants of the district—came to New Zealand under a chief called Manaia, who, coming down the West Coast with his canoe, entered the Waitara River, and settled on its banks. This is one great reason for the affection of the Maoris for the Waitara, and why they took up arms rather than allow it to pass into the hands of the Europeans. There were a few residents when Manaia came, but he easily drove them off, or they amalgamated with his own followers. The Ngatiawa were a wandering people, but they have always, as we have learned to our sorrow, retained a deep affection for the original home of the tribe in Taranaki. A party went to the Chatham Islands in 1836, and lived there for many years—having destroyed or enslaved the original inhabitants. The remnants of these people returned in 1870. The great event of recent Taranaki history is, however, the invasion of the Waikatos in December, 1831. A war party of 4,000 Waikatos reached Taranaki. The great pa of Pukerangiora was besieged and captured. The Waikatos were better furnished with muskets. After the fight 200 prisoners were killed, and it is said that those who were well tattooed were beheaded in a workmanlike manner for the sake of their heads, the trade in heads for European museums being then a flourishing one. In short, the Waikatos, before they were done, pretty well cleared out the district. Many